



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

MARCH, 1916

ARIZONA POEMS

THE WELL IN THE DESERT



Y the well in the desert I sat for long,
And saw the magpies, with black and white
chequered bodies,
Leaping from twig to twig of the grease-
wood
To look at the water spilled on the ground
By the herder who went by with three lean cattle
Climbing out of the blue and gold shimmer of morning.
There was the shallow well, with stones piled about it,
The coarse tattered rope, the battered tin bucket,
And the nose of my pony cropping thin grass not far off;
Then gray sagebrush and silence.
At the horizon

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The heat rose and fell—
Sharp flickering arpeggios;
The wind started up somewhere,
Then stopped.
The blue smoke of my cigarette
Wavered and failed:
I was drowsing.
And it seemed to me in my dream
I was riding
To a low brown cluster of squat adobe houses
Under the brow of a red barren mesa,
Where the track of a wagon trail passed, dipped, and vanished,
By a corral with walls of rough plastered stone:
And I saw,
Looking down at the houses,
An Indian with a red sash, flannel shirt, and blue trousers,
And a red band about his coarse black hair.
Eyes black as an antelope
Looked up at me:
Sheep were feeding about him.
And I said to him, "Where do you come from?"
And he replied,
"From Nazareth, beyond the desert,
In Galilee."